

# BELIEVES CHILD IS ALIVE IN ITS COFFIN

Watcher Left Alone with Body Says Little Veronica McCann Said: "Don't Bury Me; I'm Alive."

In the parlor of the flat of Henry McCann, on the second floor of No. 218 West Eighteenth street, there is a little girl of seven lying in an open coffin with tapers all about it and wreaths of flowers deep on the floor.

Though pronounced dead on Wednesday and prepared for burial yesterday, the mother of the little girl, the priest and Dr. Josiah M. Frazier, of No. 214 West Eighteenth street, forbid an interment until experts have investigated what they believe to be the most remarkable case in the history of New York's medical fraternity.

Mrs. Pauline Clement, an elderly woman, of No. 226 West Eighteenth street, whose word carries weight in the neighborhood because of her usual sober judgment, caused profound excitement to-day by declaring that when she relieved Mrs. McCann in her watch by the body of the child she had seen the arms move, the lips open and a tremulous voice cry out: "I am not dead. Do not let them bury me."

## By Child All Night.

Though the heart of little Veronica McCann doesn't flutter, and not the merest breath stirs from her lips, her feet are warm and there is a flush of color about the mouth spreading in soft stains to the cheeks.

All night long Dr. Frazier sat by the child watching for other signs of life, and when there was no change, no stiffening of the small body and no sign of vanishing color at the lips, he went away to summon the best experts in the city and notify the Board of Health of the amazing case.

Mrs. Jane McCann, the mother, sat with the doctor in his night-long vigil, and Henry McCann, the father, came and went torn by conflicting emotions of despair and hope. The physician tried artificial respiration at intervals and exhausted every test of his medical skill in the hope of discovering some tangible trace of life in the little body that seemed to be sunk in a deep coma that left only the pink shades of life under the skin.

The child was pronounced dead at 5:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and by a strange coincidence that the father tremblingly and in an awe-stricken voice pointed out to-day the little clock on the parlor mantel had stopped at that moment. Since she grew out of infancy Veronica McCann had been fragile in health and subject to fainting spells that told of a weak heart.

## Priest Noticed Color.

Dr. Frazier wrote out a certificate of death and an undertaker prepared the child for burial and brought a little coffin. Neighbors, friends and relatives brought their sympathy to the bereaved parents and floral offerings began to pour in. Tapers were set about the coffin and everything put in readiness for the funeral ceremony. The mother and father were so overwhelmed with grief that they had not noticed the faint flush of red that began to pour into the child's cheeks.

But when Father McGrath, of St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West Sixteenth street, was summoned yesterday to perform the funeral service he was immediately struck by the semblance of life.

He bent over the little body in the coffin and picked up a senseless hand. He was amazed when he found it soft and pliable. He tried the other limbs and found them flexible. Bending closer he examined the face.

There was none of the dead pallor in the cheeks, and the lips seemed warm and red. The priest turned to the sobbing mother and said:

"I cannot pronounce the funeral rites over this child, for I am not sure that she is dead. She must not be buried until you have had a physician make a further examination. Though the little heart does not beat, there is warm blood in the body and the limbs are soft and flexible."

"Even though she has remained like this for many hours she may not be dead but only sunk in some profound sleep that under a superficial examination has baffled the doctor."

Father McGrath went away leaving the parents bemoaned up with a new hope. Dr. Frazier was again asked to look at the patient, and was amazed at what he saw. There were signs of life that were not apparent when he pronounced the little girl dead.

He was dumfounded, and asked a

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**Positively—No One!**

fellow practitioner in the neighborhood to look at the child and give his opinion. This doctor was unable to pass any final judgment and advised Dr. Frazier to prevent burial until he had watched the case for at least a day more.

**Color in Lips Deepened.**  
This physician did at intervals, other patients calling him away at times, until yesterday afternoon, when he decided to put in a long visit beside the coffin. The candles at either side of the casket were lighted and the gas turned high, so that not the slightest change of shade under the skin might be lost. Gradually the pink had faded from the cheeks, but the carbene of the little bowed lips seemed to deepen.

What was stranger still and absolutely without precedent in such cases, the feet became warmer, and when Dr. Frazier hurried away to-day to notify the Health Department and request the attention of a number of experts the lower limbs had become warm even as high as the knees.

Hour after hour through the night the doctor felt of the arms and legs and other portions of the body. Though you might say it was days past the time usual and considered as almost infallible there was not even a suggestion of rigor mortis.

**Physician Baffled.**  
Yet in spite of these indications repeated efforts at artificial respiration failed. A stethoscope failed to disclose any indication of heart action. How was it then that blood was pumped beneath the skin of the lips and cheeks and the lower limbs kept warm?

"I admit," said Dr. Frazier to an Evening World reporter to-day, "that I am completely baffled. Though at first I was certain that the child had died, I am now in grave doubt and will not permit any interment until the most thorough investigation has been made and a jury of physicians has sat on the case with me."

"It is undoubtedly the strangest case that ever came before the medical fraternity of this city or any other city, as far as my reading has informed me. Besides entailing the services of experts I will have to ask the Health Department to make an examination, for under the present circumstances I would not shoulder the responsibility of certifying this little girl is dead."

**Mother Feels Child Is Alive.**  
The mother of little Veronica is overwhelmed by turns with hope and despair. She has not relaxed her watch by the coffin of her daughter for a single hour, dividing her time between prayer and whispered questions to the physician. The mother became almost radiant with hope today and said:

"I am sure that Veronica is alive. I seem to feel it all through me in some strange way. I cannot explain it, but I have seen many little children laid away for burial, but none ever looked as my little girl does now, and I wonder Dr. Frazier told me that her feet were still warm I almost fainted for joy, for the thought that my hopes were substantially founded."

The father of the child said that when he noticed the color on the infant's mantel had stopped at the moment the doctor pronounced the child to be dead. He had been overcome with superstitious awe. Even the reassurances of the priest had not crossed hope in him. But his wife, both the physician and the priest, holding out their opinion that death is not assured by the apparent symptoms his despair has left him.

The entire neighborhood is wrought up over the mysterious case, and ever since the priest forbade the burial there has been a constant procession of friends, relatives and the merely curious regarding the case. The child, it is the sole topic of neighborhood gossip now and crowds are beginning to collect near the McCann house.

**Says Child Spoke.**  
A Mrs. Pauline Clement, an elderly woman, of No. 226 West Eighteenth street, whose word carries weight in the neighborhood because of her usual sober judgment, caused profound excitement to-day by declaring that when she relieved Mrs. McCann in her watch by the body of the child she had seen the arms move, the lips open and a tremulous voice cry out: "I am not dead. Do not let them bury me."

Mrs. Clement rushed into the kitchen and called to her mother, but when both patients hurried to the scene of the case there was no stirring sign of life to confirm their friends' announcement. The woman sat very calmly, and with the calmness of conviction, when an Evening World reporter questioned her. I distinctly saw the arms of little Veronica move. Then as I started away in horror her lips opened and she said: "I am not dead. Don't let them bury me."

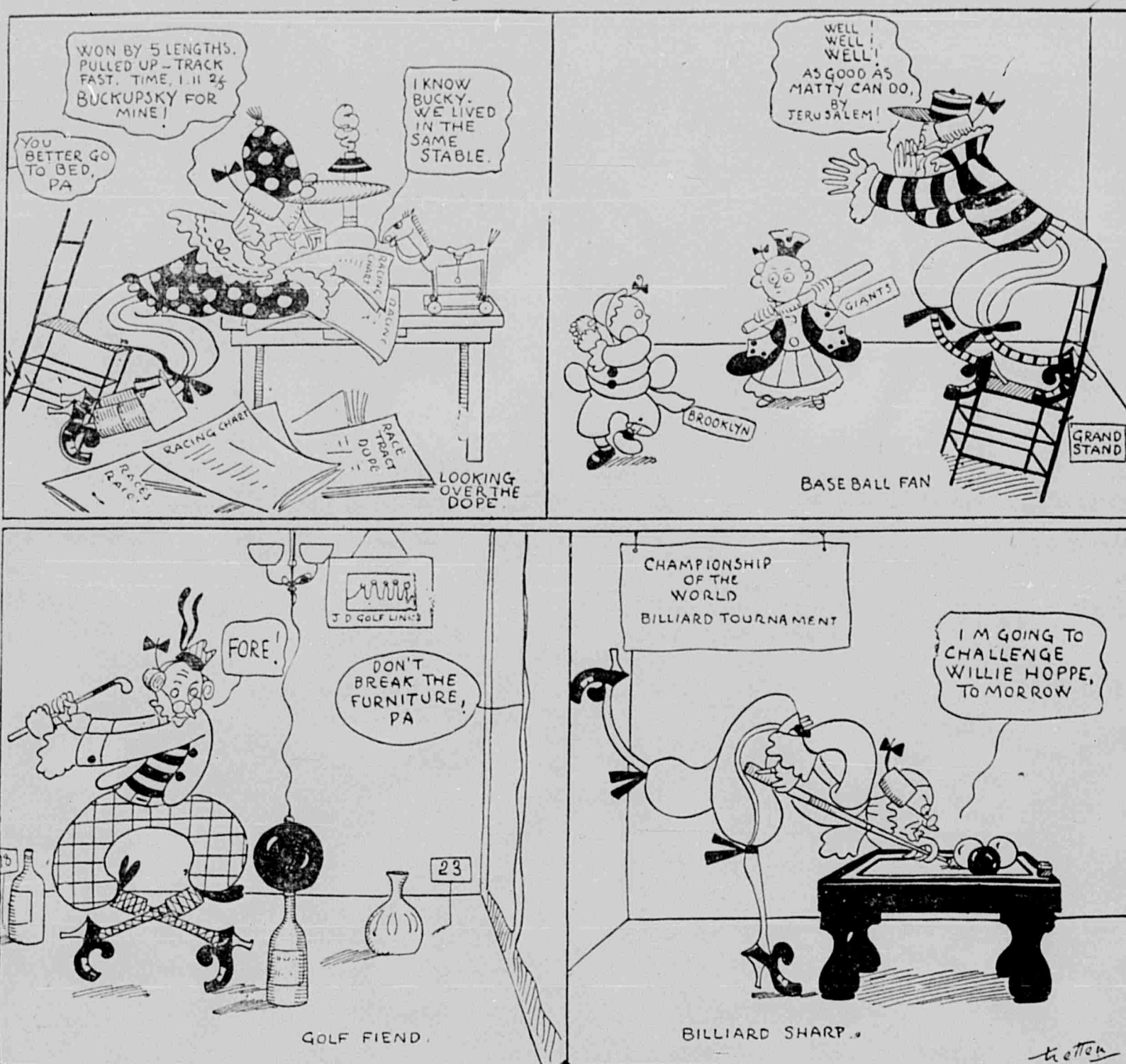
**Cranks Are Gathering.**  
Father McGrath made several visits to the McCann flat to-day and continued to advise against the burial of the child. A swarm of cranks of all brands began to collect about the house and were with difficulty driven away by the police. The majority of them called themselves healers and revivifiers.

A man with long white whiskers said he was Prof. A. M. Harrington of Baltimore, Ga., now a student of the Harpeth House. "I am a magnetic healer," said the "Professor," "and also an unpretentious investigator of all psychological subjects. I have this child back to life by merely wrapping her body in blankets and soaking them in hot water."

**LEO CLUB TO GIVE PLAY.**  
The play "The 20-20" will be given at the ninth annual entertainment and reception of the Leo Club this evening at Palm Garden. This product of the late Augustin Daly offers many difficulties to amateurs, but earnest work during the past few weeks has done much, and the big crowd which will be present to-night will thoroughly enjoy the many amusing situations of the comedy.

# PA KNICKERBOCKER BECOMES A REAL SPORT.

By Maurice Ketten.



## RUNAWAY FIRE TEAM MENACES LIVES OF MANY

Dash with Heavy Engine in Crowded Street and Fifth Avenue.

Crazed with excitement and fear three big fire horse ran, with their driverless engine, for blocks along Fifty-ninth street and Fifth Avenue during the premature hour today. The driver had been thrown from his seat and severely hurt.

The fire was insignificant. At Fifty-ninth street and Sixth Avenue a stupid domestic had crammed a stove with fuel. It smoked heavily and the fumes poured up through the grating. The inevitable foot appeared, and hurrying to the nearest fire box, at Fifty-ninth street and Sixth Avenue, turned in an alarm.

The first engine to respond to this box is No. 26, which has its quarters at No. 25 West Fifty-ninth street. With the crash of the gong William Noble swung to his seat and buckled the heavy belt across his lap. The doors swung open and as Engine No. 26, man and Assistant Foreman Tom Smith, leaped on the "fire pull" the big trio of horses lifted a thundering engine clear of the door and out into the street.

**Horses Almost Unmanageable.**  
With scream of the warning whistle and the beat of the gong the engine whirled into Seventh Avenue and up to Fifty-ninth street. Far distant trolley cars stopped and every team on the street dashed aside to make way. It was all Noble could do to slow down the horses as he turned into Fifty-ninth street. They burst into another square at the corner of Sixth Avenue.

Noble forced them down as he drew up to a hydrant. He loosened the heavy belt, and as the other two men jumped down and hauled off the big connecting hose the driver stepped to the wheel. His foot touched the nearest horse. The animal leaped forward. The others caught the impulse, and in a second all were in a gallop. The wheels were thrown directly across the wheel, but clutched as the harness was, by a great effort threw him out of his seat. In a second the engine was tearing up the air as it whirled toward the corner of the street. The reins dragged and whipped in the dust. The coupling hose whirled behind like a great, holed whip.

A cloud of belching smoke swept back and veiled the street. Trolley cars stopped and passengers scattered in all directions. Engines thundering down toward them. Nurses fled shrieking with their charges. The fire team averted up the avenue. On the next block Mounted Policemen David J. Daly, of the Park Squad, saw them coming.

He urged his horse to top speed, and it sprang ahead. As the call and away the fire team, leaning down and seized the bridle. The asphalt was splashed, and Daly's own horse started.

**Mounted Cop to Rescue.**  
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## CAN'T TELL IF THIS GIRL IS DEAD.



Veronica McCann

went down in a heap, fully clung to the bridle of the fire horse. The team lunged forward, and again Daly dashed against the pavement, but held on. For six or eight blocks he was dragged along the pavement. From every side came the strains of frightened women. Suddenly the pole horse, Nigger, stepped on one of the trailing reins. It had been head down, and the next instant he fell. The other's head ahead, but were retarded by the weight of their harness. They reared his chance, and with one last supreme effort reached across, seized the bit of the off horse and wrenched the animal to a trot. Several citizens ran up, and in a moment the horses were running and at a staid pace. The driver was also bruised, but refused to go to a hospital. He was badly hurt about the knee and legs and was slightly injured, but was taken to the veterinary hospital.

## JEROME LOSES ON HUMMEL CASE TEST

Appellate Division Sustains Action Admitting Convicted Lawyer to Bail.

Also Hummel scored and District Attorney Jerome lost in a decision handed down to-day in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. The decision, written by Justice Gaylor and concurred in by the other members, sustained the action of Justice Woodward in admitting Hummel to \$30,000 bail pending an appeal from his conviction for conspiracy in the Dodge-More divorce scandal.

As soon as Hummel had been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$50 the District Attorney had him locked up in the Tombs. His lawyers got him out on an order from Justice Woodward, requiring Jerome to show cause within ten days why a certificate of reasonable doubt should not be issued. Mr. Jerome, holding that Justice Woodward had exceeded his authority, caused the re-arrest of Hummel in order to make a test case. The action of the lawyer secured a writ of habeas corpus and took Hummel before Justice Woodward, who released him on the original bond. From this ruling the District Attorney appealed, but he lost to-day.

**WOMAN IS KNOCKED DOWN AT BRIDGE.**  
Aged Mrs. Hussein Struck by Horse as She Starts to Cross South Roadway.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Hussein, sixty-five years old, a wealthy widow living at No. 61 North Sixth street, Brooklyn, was knocked down while crossing the south roadway at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge today by a one-horse wagon owned by Joseph Freidlander, plate-glass dealer, of No. 181 Fulton street.

The horse would have trampled her had not Policeman Schlip seized the bridle. Mrs. Hussein was attended by Police Surgeon Hays in an ambulance. She refused to make any complaint against the driver, Louis Freidlander, and Daly's own horse started.

## ALLEE'S FLIGHT MAY HELP CLEAR BELCHER CASE

The disappearance of George W. Allee from Paterson, N. J., following the discovery of a shortage in his accounts as secretary of the Manchester Building and Loan Association, has revived interest in the case of Mayor Belcher, whose disappearance a few months ago created a tremendous sensation.

At that time it was said that Belcher, president of the Manchester Building and Loan Association, had, by forgery and deceit, robbed the Association and various banks and trust companies of more than \$300,000.

It is recalled now that Allee was the confidential secretary of Mayor Belcher, that he furnished much of the evidence that tended to stamp the Mayor as a thief.

Allee was the last man who saw Belcher before his disappearance. At the time of the disappearance of her husband, Mrs. Belcher told a story that has been revived by Allee's flight. Mayor Belcher lived about fifteen miles outside Paterson.

He left the city one Saturday afternoon, saying he would return before Tuesday. Mayor Belcher and Allee shared an office and were close associates. Early on Sunday morning, before Mayor Belcher was awake, Allee rode up to the house in a buggy. The horse was tired and had been driven hard. He went to Mayor Belcher's room and had a long talk with him, after which he hurried back to town.

After Allee went away," said Mrs. Belcher at the time, "my husband walked the floor for a long time. He seemed to be almost crazed. I pressed him to tell me what was the matter and he said:

"My God, Allee has ruined me. I must go to town to-morrow and raise some money."

He did go to Paterson Monday morning and borrowed money from some business friends, saying a friend was in serious trouble and in danger of going to prison. Then he met Allee, and after a long conference the two men were seen together on a Little Falls trolley car. Then Belcher fled.

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55c per yard  
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Twenty-third Street.

**Mackerel Schooner Goes Aground.**  
A mackerel schooner went aground in Ronger Shoal, in the Lower Bay, to-day and held fast with anchor.

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